

**TO ALL:** God "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

**TO THE SHIRT:** "Be ye HOLY, for I am holy."

# WAR CRY



VOL. XII. No. 1. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the N. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, OCT. 5. 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## NEWFOUNDLAND,

The Most Eastern Province of Our Territory, is Engaged in a Very Earnest and Energetic Six Months' Campaign. The P. S. has Set His Goal, Amongst Other Things, at 1,200 Souls, 500 More Soldiers, Increases in Cartridge Money, Increases in War Cry, Advancement of the Fisherman's League, and the Junior Work.

**BRAVO, NEWFOUNDLAND!**

God Bless the Little Island.



THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "SALVATIONIST." Cadet S. Bunter; Lieut. M. Barry; Lieut. S. Bishop, 1st mate; Captain William Parsons, skipper; Cadet T. Sparks. After her return from the shores of Labrador, the "Salvationist" will visit most of the ports around the Island.

## LOST IN SIGHT OF LAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Four men had PUT OUT TO SEA on a shooting boat. Not long after it began to blow hard, and the men commenced to rage and foam furiously.

Soon the little boat with its nine men was being tossed to the utmost. Unable to brave the force of the wind and maddened sea, she

Ran Her Bow Under Water,

capised, and turned bottom up, throwing the men into the hungry sea, at the mercy of the furious tempest.

The men succeeded two or three times in climbing on to her keel, only to be swept off by the rolling billows.

Three of them, fatigued and over-

come, soon sank and perished. While

the third man was being swept off for the last time he was heard to say by the one who survived, "OH! IT IS NOW WE NEED SALVATION."

WHEN CONSCIENCE BEGINS to smite, and the pangs of eternal death have seized hold, it is too late to cry for mercy. Had that sinking man only got right for night before he was in the Army he would have been able to say, "Oh, it's now salvation STANDS ME GOOD."

More awful still, it was said that TWO OF THE THREE drowned were backsliders from the Army. Sinful backsliders wake up to the fact that opportunities and chances of securing salvation are passing away one after another, and the last one will come.

ENSIGN PAYNE



MAJOR SHARP AND HIS STAFF.

The "Banks" of Newfoundland, stretching along the eastern and southern coasts of the Island, are extensive submarine elevations, 600 or 700 miles long, and of various widths.

Fogs are found chiefly along the shores.

The coast line is pierced by many fine harbors and bays. Mossy marshes, rocky ridges, with rivers and lakes, re-appear along the coast.

Winter sets in about the beginning of December and lasts till the middle of April, snow sometimes lying during this time, but the frost rarely penetrates deeper than a few inches beneath the soil.

Newfoundland stands high among the copper-producing countries of the world. The mines are all situated round the shores of Notre Dame Bay.



THE ST. JOHN SLUM BRIGADE, under command of Captain Yost, of the Rescue Home, assisted by her Cadet, and a couple of Cadets from the Training Garrison. These are representatives of some fifteen, including sergeants and soldiers, com-

misioned by Mrs. Major Sharp to visit the poorer parts of the city, tend the sick, and with broom and brush create comparative paradise out of chaos and confusion, and finally approach the dusky people with hearts—the souls' salvation.

## Last Winter's Fearful Pinch.

THE GREAT FINANCIAL PANIC touched every place, from St. John to every little harbor around the coast, with only a few setellers.

Around the eastern and northern coast the toilers of the deep caught one-fifth of a summer's catch. Some were unable to buy even their tea for themselves. Many could not procure their winter's stock; for the merchants could not allow them credit.

Some of our officers, wrote that their officers stood mighty to their side "HUNGERING." And the officers could not be much better, for they live with the people. They never complained.

Two officers, after much questioning, confessed they could not sleep at night for cold; they had not a blanket upon their bed, and could not keep warm night or day.

The Major's first business was to express them a pair by the next mail. They were so over-joyed they laughed and cried by turns. The Captain declared when they went to bed they could not sleep for comfort. This is only one instance.

Yet amidst it all there was not one bit of difference in zeal in the meetings. Crowds were larger, and numbers of souls were saved.

The total area of Newfoundland is about 42,000 square miles.

In shape it has something the form of an equilateral triangle. It is traversed by ranges of low hills, with here and there a sharply peaked summit rising abruptly.

An immense number of ponds and lakes cover the surface, occupying nearly a third of the Island.

The chief seats of the herring fishery are Fortune Bay, George's Bay, Bay of Islands, Bonne Bay, and the whole coast of the Labrador.

St. John harbor is very safe. Vessels may ride any gale inside the Narrows. The Narrows is defended by several batteries.

An infidel of fifteen years' standing has lately got saved at British Guiana. A saved chemist and his son (who is cashier at a big city firm) have just donned the uniform, which is selling quicker than Headquarters can send it across.



THE CHIEF of Staff has agreed to the opening of a new Hotel Metropole in Brussels.

The Japanese party have arrived at their destination.

The young Tsar of Russia is not going to be left alone. A plot for his destruction has been discovered and the usual dispatch to Siberia has followed the discovery.

Major Joiliffe has a revolver in his desk, given him at the penitent form at Bedminster, by a man who had it ready loaded to blow out his brains but came and got saved instead.

Lieut. Spaldoni (who was stabbed in Italy), is progressing as well as can be expected, though terribly weak from loss of blood. He was moved a little the other day for his bed to be made.

The alterations of Malmo Shelter are nearly completed. A Turkish bath is being fitted up, new beds have been added, and the town council will probably grant 2,000 kroners towards the expenses.

A Finnish Lieutenant at Tavastius has been fined 150 marks for pushing against a policeman, who tried to prevent him entering the Salvation Army quarters. A meeting at the barracks (attached to quarters) which was to have been led by Brigadier Haartman, had just been prohibited by the authorities.

The anarchist is still on the war-path. A policeman arrested one just last night for the act of lighting a bomb in Rothchild's rooms. The internal hatred of these fanatics can only be counteracted by the universal practice of the Sermon on the Mount, beginning with those who claim to be disciples of Christ.

The mother of our last-accepted Italian Catec is a poor Roman Catholic, and has been all the way from Tunis to Naples to pray the Madonna of Pompeii for the conversion of her son. The Madonna did not prevent thieves from breaking into her house whilst she was away and taking some objects of small value.



THE HARBOR BRIGADE, formed for the purpose of visiting the vessels lying in the harbor. Complete, the party numbers seven, in charge of Sergt. Stephens, Sergeant Stone,

and Auxiliary-Sergeant Martin. With War Crys and salvation's story they board the schooners with personal soul dealing if not conduct-meetings.

## FROM THE QUEEN CITY To the World's Metropolis.

BY MAJOR READ.

(Continued.)

We are just opposite the banks of Newfoundland, and it is consequently cold. Passengers are going for their rugs and top-coats.

From the chart fastened in the companion way I gather the fact that since noon yesterday our vessel has run 440 miles, making a total since leaving Sandy Hook of 851 miles, not so great a distance as one might expect, but the slow speed is on account of the strong north-east wind still blowing.

Still sea-sickness is foreign to me, and still I stick to the table each meal time. I should have told readers that we have on board a married couple. They are Adventists going to South America with their son, who is quite a big boy. To-day a printed list of the ship's passengers was passed round. I shall keep it as a souvenir of the voyage. After dinner today I repaired to my state-room, and had not been there more than a minute before my fussy slumberer was broken by loud, strange words. My dear companion was saying, "No blessed water here, confound it!" This is the man who thought it blasphemous to say one was saved, but a little salvation would have enabled him to keep cool when the water supply ran low and not to "confound it" so much! Here was a sorry lack of consistency. Quoits were played on deck to-day. Although the "New York" rolls somewhat, yet she has never shipped a drop of water since we left. We are now passing "the Banks." As I write, about 8 p.m., most of the second-class passengers are gathering into the dining-room to listen to some company birds of a feather flock together," and are enjoying sweet communion with God in the cabin, and penning these lines for the dear old Canadian Cry. Good-night!

August 24.—Last night our sturdy vessel rolled and rocked in such a manner that I found it rather difficult to sleep. However, I managed to get a few good solid hours, and when I awoke this morning I found by a glance at the looking-glass that my face resembled a pumpkin, so swelled, and ere I reach Southampton the peeling process will have begun. Oh, how the skin smarts! The poor Scritchman has a face resembling a bit of beef. The united action of sun

and wind is responsible for all this. I happened down into the steerage this morning. There I met two young fellows from Christchurch, in the vicinity of my parents' birthplace. Ogg was their name. For years they had lived at Duluth, and were now on their way home to see their dying father. Neither of them were saved, although for years they had attended Sunday school, my own uncle's eldest son having been their teacher. (To be continued.)

## Famous Songs.

### "ROCK OF AGES."

THIS HYMN by degrees became dissociated from ITS AUTHOR, TOP-LADY. It spread heavenly wings. One hears the song caught up by many voices, and does not know who first uttered it.

In the fourteenth century it is said that all Europe was caroling the songs of an unknown singer, and when he was found he was a leper, who carried a little bell to warn people of his approach, and went muffled for very loathsomeness about the public street.

When Toplady was near his death the physician perceived him to be much improved, and spoke encouragingly of his prospects. But the pious patient replied, "No, no; I shall die for no mortal could endure such manifestations of God's glory as I have heard."

The next day he expired while singing one of his own hymns.

It was to this "Rock of Ages" also, that "THE BELOVED PRINCE CONSORT, Albert of England, turned repeating it constantly on his deathbed." For, said he, "If in this hour I had only my world's honors and dignities, I should indeed be poor."

In 1776 it was inserted in the "Gospel Magazine," with the title:

"A living and dying PRAYER for the HOLIEST BELIEVER in the world."

SPURGEON says: "A glimpse at the thorn-crowned head and pierced hands and feet is a sure cure for 'modern doubt' and all its vagaries. Get into the 'Rock of Ages' itself for you and you will ABHOR THE QUICK-SAND."



"THE WAR CRY BRIGADE. A special effort to bombard the city of St. John, substituting pure literature in the place of useless trash, especially

among the sea-faring men constantly coming and going, as well as the townspeople, with cheery smiles, and many a stray salvation shot sent home to the needy soul.

## CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIR.

One of the Army's Latest Songs, Sung by Ensign Attwell at the  
13th Anniversary Meetings.

Words by CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

Music by COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first two staves begin with 'K. G. M.' and 'L. G. M.'. The lyrics for the first section are: 'Oh, my heart is full of mis-sis and of glad - ness, As on wings of love and faith I up-ward spred by'. The next two staves begin with 'G.' and 'G.'. The lyrics for the second section are: 'Not a shadow-cloud my brother's face ob - scur-ing, As I'm climbing to my home in the sky.' The following two staves begin with 'CHORUS' and 'C.'. The lyrics for the chorus are: 'Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to Glo - ry. Oh, I'm climbing with my gold-en crown in the sky.' The final two staves begin with 'for me' and 'for me'. The lyrics are: 'I am climbing in the light, I am climbing day and night, I shall shout with all my might when I get there! Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to Glo - ry. Oh, I'm climbing with my gold-en crown in the sky.' The lyrics for the final section are: 'I am climbing in the light, I am climbing day and night, I am climbing up the golden stair for me; I am climbing in the light, I am climbing day and night, I am climbing up the golden stair for me.'

## PROVINCIAL NOTES

FROM

"The Sea-Girt Isle."

## MAJOR SHARP.

WELCOME, yes, ten thousand welcomes to our beloved leader. Right glad were we to receive a wire stating that the Commandant would arrive at St. John's on the 10th of October and remain with us till the 10th of Hallelujah! What a rare treat this is for us in the city.

WHILE REJOICING in the hopes of having the Commandant with us for six days in the city, yet we feel indeed sorry that he could not spare the time to go round to the outposts, as at first proposed.

A BIG RECEPTION awaits the Commandant when he lands at the wharf. Some of your cold, half-hearted ones, but proper, warm, loving, blood-and-fire welcome. Our hearts are open to receive him and drink in every word that he utters. We believe that we shall get inspired by his very presence in our midst, helped and cheered by his loving counsel and sound masterly advice.

YES, THIS TRUE that the very thoughts of his coming to visit us encourages us to go forward to win fresh victories. Hoist, happy day, when we shall clasp his hand, look into his face, and give him a royal welcome to the Sea-Girt Isle. Sorry indeed are we that Mrs. Booth is unable to accompany the Commandant, nevertheless we will not forget her at the Throne of Grace, and pray for God to bless and give her special strength to hold the reins in the absence of the Commandant.

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS are getting all excited over his visit already, prayers are going up daily to the Throne that God will bring our leader to us in safety, filled with the Holy Ghost, so that in glorious revolution shall be started, which will spread till it sweeps the whole Island to the feet of Jesus.

AS IT IS not every day that we have our leader in our midst, we are more determined to make the most of this one, and get all from him that is able to give.

OFFICERS' and Soldiers' Councils, soul-saving and social reform meetings, are the order of the day. Also an all-night of prayer.

NOW, seeing that the Commandant cannot spare the time to visit the outports and harbors, we must do the next best thing, so that every officer and soldier will have the privilege of seeing and hearing General Booth's youngest son, our beloved leader, therefore we have arranged with every soldier and friend who had a craft to arrange to come into the city during the week that the Commandant is here, and bring as many with them as can arrange to come, for we are sure that they will receive much blessing in attending the meetings. Of course there will be an anniversary banquet, at which the Commandant, officers, soldiers and friends of the great S. A. will be invited to attend. I am sure you ought to come.

EVERY OFFICER is expected to be present, and also a representative from every corps on the Island.

OLD PELICAN—We marched out at our out-port, GRATCHE COVE, Sunday afternoon. It was the Army's first time ever marching out there. Grand indeed! We had a short open-air meeting, large crowd of people around. Then we marched to the Temperance Hall. Real good time, band played packed. Then at our night's meeting was the crowning time, when six precious souls found Christ—Capt. Penbury.

## A Convert of Bird Island Cove.

## BROTHER G. GEORGE.

Convicted in the Floating Breakers—Brifled Through the Fog on the Banks—Saved in the Army Six Years Ago.

ON THE FLEECY WAVES of the bleak Atlantic, where wild billows sweep up over the rocks, carrying away the fishing-nocks, to dash them in pieces, there many a ship-wrecked mariner has gone down beneath the boiling turmouli, and there, at Bird Island Cove, the subject of our sketch was born.

In 1882 his father was taken from his side, leaving him, with five brothers, to struggle through this world and to care for their widowed mother. GEOFREY, with a profession of religion, made the mistake of thinking he was good enough, till reading in the Word of God, to hit the thumb with himself something when he was nothing, he concluded that he was altogether wrong, and instead of giving himself wholly to God, he went back and became a miserable backslider.

Although he never indulged in drinking or swearing, yet some other sins seemed

## As Natural as Eye-Sight

to him.

"I remember," said George, "teaching my home one beautiful Sabbath morning in November with four more companions. We went on a pleasure trip to a frozen pond in the distance.

Soon we reached our destination, delighted to see the ice so smooth, but it almost makes me shudder to-day when I think of the strange noise that burst over our heads, in the midst of our skating, dancing, and carousing, a sound more loud than thunder. We were all amazed at the shock! For myself, I wouldn't have given two cents for my life. My sight got dim, my strength gave way, and the pond became as the waves of the sea. It was something terrible. The mountains seemed to shake and the very ground that we stood on trembled. As soon as we got over the shock we made for home.

From that time I resolved to lead a better life, not leading in my own strength, I soon failed as miserably, and was as bad as ever."

Another time George and his five brothers left home in a small fishing boat, with every expectation of a good day to catch fish. Some time towards noon a storm began to raise, so they had to return. Nearing the shore, they

Ran Upon the Breakers, and but for the brave helmsman no doubt they would have been swallowed up in the greedy sea.

George could do nothing but cry for help from the boat in the distance, while his brother, who was to-day a soldier in the S. A., kept swimming to help to lighten the boat, lest she should sink. George felt himself a man and promised God he'd never again be would bring him safe to land again he would live a better life.

But, sailor like water stories and land stories don't agree. He soon forgot his vows.

Two seasons after this, our comrade shared the hardships of the foggy banks, which none but those thus engaged can describe.

In 1887 the Salvation Army bombarded the place. At first sight our comrade began to think that after all God had sent us a way for him to succeed where he had failed so many times. Over six years now have found him a soldier. He was married to a soldier under the Army flag.

LIEUT. THOMPSON.

## MAJOR SHARP AND HIS STAFF.

(See cut on front page)

ENSIGN FREEMAN, one of the oldest officers in the Island. Probably one-half of the barracks he has assisted to build. Our comrade has our deep and sincere sympathy in the loss of his wife and little babe.

ENSIGN RENNIE, a Scotch lassie who knows more about the country in the Northwest Provinces.

ENSIGN PAYNE. Once a divinity student, still a preacher of salvation. His name is familiar also through his writings.

ENSIGN GOODY and Mrs. Goody. The Ensign has had a long stay in the Northern District of Newfoundland. His eyes have been severely affected by the intense whiteness of the snow.

ENSIGN CREIGHTON, is by birth a Scotchman. He was with Major Sharp during his stay in Kingston.

Southern District Notes,  
NEWFOUNDLAND.

**SKIRMISHING WITH THE ENEMY** here of late. That means fight with all our might. The devil seemed to sweep down upon us like a hurricane; but we rallied our forces, for we saw the contest was going to be fierce and deadly. We had some heavy firing and severe blows, which resulted in losses on both sides. Nevertheless, although desperately set on, oh, no, we were not killed, just bruised and pounded a bit! We meant fight and a cry of "No surrender" resulted in the capture of a few prisoners. The shout of our conquering King is still in mid-air. The Grand Bank commander is sticking to their post and fighting on. Sergt.-Major Patten and Sergt. Courtney, with other skippers, find and prove that salvation stands them good.

## On the Banks at Sea.

They can feel calm and reposed when the ribs are being rent by the howling furious storm, when it looks like disaster.

Skipper Evans gave me a passage by his schooner from Grand Bank to Burin. We left at 3 a.m., and reached the Quarters after 6 p.m. We were right glad to strike terra firma again, as the three Salvation passengers of us were sea-sick.

Tears were shed as Cadet Hurdy farewelled for Canada. God go with you, Cadet. She was right away succeeded by Lieut. Rose, who received a hearty welcome from the Burin comrades. No doubt the Captain was pleased, as she anticipated a single-handed fight for a time. It fairly poured down rain Sunday morning. God turned Heaven's light on in the Burin meetings. Good crowd at night. A party of seven men and a ride on horse-back of fourteen more brought us to GARNISH. Lieut. Green's horse seemed determined to dismount him, and to do this had a run off the road a few times and began to tear up the earth, but no bones were broken. Captain Moulton got such a shaking up he was unable to come to the meeting. It would have been easier to have worked at the H. P. We had a fine, lively time here, and one soul professed salvation.

These comrades are alive and fighting on. The dedication of Sister White's baby to the Lord was solemn and impressive. Also the dedication of Sister Banfield's baby meant an increase in the Junior force. On our return to Grand Bank a head wind met us that we had to use the oars. Then the wind arose, and it rocked kind of suspicious when the sea water began to dash in upon us in the open ports. This, with sea sickness, was very pleasant to the flesh. But with Christ in the vessel we could smile at the storm.

ENSIGN PAYNE.

## JUBAL'S BRIGADE.

# THE WINDSOR, N. S., PROSECUTION.

## FULL PARTICULARS.

**Shameful Conduct of the Authorities—Prisoner Watson Insulted in Windsor Jail—The Publ. Indignant.**

Windsor, N.S., Sept. 18, 1895.  
Special to the War Cry.

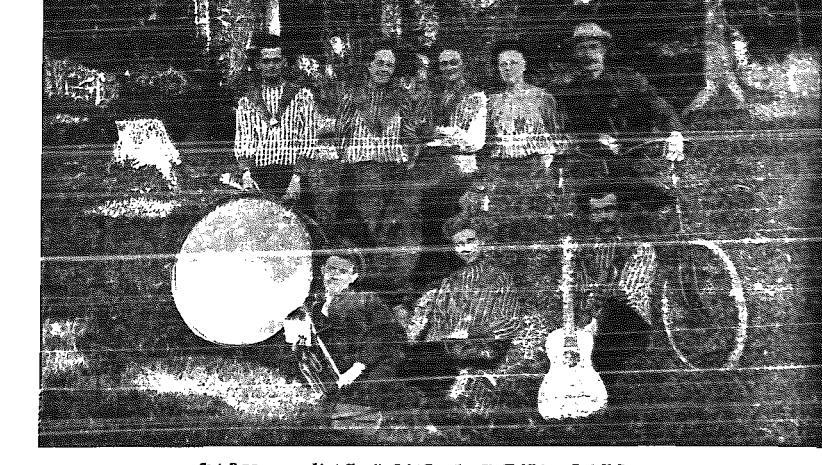
CAPTAIN KENWAY, CANDIDATE MORRISON, SERGEANT BROTHERS, and myself were arrested while holding an open-air meeting last evening and lodged in jail all night. We were brought before the Stipendiary Magistrate this morning, charged with violating the following by-law of the town, which reads:

"No person shall ring a bell, beat a drum, blow a horn or trumpet, clang a cymbal or triangle, or play on any musical instrument, sing, or make any noise, in the ammonia or disturbance of any inhabitants of the town, etc."

After hearing the cases, it was of course clearly proven that under this by-law we were guilty. The only person the prosecution brought forward who had been annoyed was Councillor O'Brien, who has the reputation of being a strong sun supporter. We were fined \$2 and costs each, or five days in the common jail. We of course refused to pay the fine, and were given till the day following to pay, when warrants would be issued for our arrest. The court room was crowded. Many were unable to obtain admission. Among those present were some of the most prominent and influential citizens of the town and friends of the Army. Among the number were Judge Dr. Wolfe, Mr. Smith, ex-M. P., Manager Tolkin, Mr. Durkin,

### Particulars of the Affair.

WINDSOR is a remarkably pretty, historic, old town, which rightly boasts of the oldest college in North America. The Army has from its advent been most kindly treated by the townsmen. It is also a Scott Act town. In the old school about his father's religion. "It has not worked much at it." Until recently there should have existed under the eye and to the knowledge of the authorities, drunkenness was rife, especially on Sundays. We have had young men fall off the seats in the barracks on a Sunday afternoon, drunk, after coming from a rom shop near by. To see these young men going to hell and destruction so, has stirred our inmost souls, and we have repeatedly spoken of this miserable state of affairs in the great open-air meetings. This, of course, aroused the devil and the rum-sellers and rum supporters. The first intimation of the enemy's tactics commenced with the police ordering us off the old open-air battle ground (on which the Army has held their meetings for over nine years), on account of the blocking of the streets, owing to the large crowds on Saturday nights especially; so we complied with on Saturday nights, until sickness being in the vicinity we returned to the old stand. The police, acting under instructions from the Mayor, again ordered us back. I told him there was sickness on the other corner, but he insultingly shook his cue in my face and threatened to arrest me in the presence of the crowd. On two occasions directly afterwards, when we only stopped to make an announcement, we were again insultingly ordered to move on or be arrested. The climax, however, was reached on Tuesday evening last, when on arriving at the open-air we found a ring on the broadest part of the street, a following room for all traffic. Accordingly had we formed the ring when I announced by the police and marched off to the lock-up. The excitement was intense. Hoots, yells of indignation and cries of "Shame!" burst from the crowd of quiet on-lookers, while the soldiers



Capt. Perry, Lieut. Newell, Cadet Ferris, Cadet McQuarie, Cadet Fanning, Six Weddington, Capt. McPhee, Capt. Pringle.

as we marched to jail. Arriving there, Councillor O'Brien, chairman of the Police Committee, was there to welcome the prisoners. When the jail door clanged on me, the Captain, Mrs. Watson, and comrades marched down to the same place to continue the meeting. Mrs. Watson here took charge of meeting, was praying, when Councillor O'Brien arrived on the scene. Stepping into the room in a highly-excited state, he attempted to break up the meeting, shook Captain Kenway, and hauled him over to the police for arrest. Then turning his attention to Mrs. Watson, who was still praying, he seized her arm, and shook and pushed her, saying, "If you were only a man." The drummers were next arrested and marched off to jail, where I welcomed them heartily. The women continued their meeting, however, and returned to the barracks for a meeting, which was packed to the door, it being also the last night of the H. Festival.

### A Night in Jail.

The boys were over-relaxed, that they had the honor of spending a night in the cells for Jeanne's sake. Frank Brothers told the police he had often been drunk, lying around the streets, before his conversion, and he never arrested him then, but now he is saved and sober, he is arrested and judged for following Jesus. While singing and praying we felt the power and presence of God in our souls, feeling sure that Christ and His cause would finally prevail. We found a little dirty straw on the floor of the cell, which was put in one corner. Some blankets were thrown in to us, which had evidently been disinfected, but the entire atmosphere was then the offence, for they nearly made us sick with the smell. However, we all laid down in the dirty cell with happy hearts, and slept as best we could, for we were so cold and there was no fire, but at last morning dawned.

### Breakfast and Prayers in the Cells.

At about 7:30 we breakfasted on porridge, molasses, tea and bread. After breakfast we read about the persecution of the apostles and their writings, then knelt, and sang, and prayed. While we were praying the outer cell door opened and the jailer walked in. Suddenly at the door of the cell in a rage, he said the following language: "Well, but you are the biggest f--- d---d fool I ever saw in my life," and with that he seized me by the shoulders and dragged me off my knees (while praying) outside the cell, and threatened to lock me in a dark cell by myself. I replied I thought we could surely have more morning prayers in a public jail, but according to Mr. Smith it seems not.

Paul and Silas, when locked in a Roman prison 1800 years ago, prayed and sang praises at midnight, but we, in a Christian town, were assaulted

for praying and singing at 8 o'clock in the morning. Praise God for salvation.

At the time of writing we are expecting every minute being arrested to serve our five days out.

**THE TOWN IS THOROUGHLY AROUSED IN INDIGNATION** at what they term a scandalous proceeding on the part of the authorities, for Windsor has always been so friendly, and this has come as a hurricane on them. Councillor O'Brien, who seems to be the principal mover of the prosecution, was kissed at by the on-lookers. Mr. O'Brien's disgraceful conduct on Mrs. Watson, and many are the strong expressions. We hear that had they attempted to arrest the faithful women there would surely have been a riot. As it was, I understand it was on the balance, so strong was the feeling of the crowd.

We sincerely trust that we shall be allowed to continue our work in peace, reasoning of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, and that many souls may be saved. We expect a tremendous crowd in the open-air to-night, for we are going to continue the meetings until we are all fatted. Pray that God will be glorified, and that rum and the devil may be defeated.



Your, in the light,  
J. WATSON, ENSIGN.

—:—

Another despatch has been received from Ensign Watson, headed, "In jail," dated September 20th, which we are unable to insert this week for lack of space.—Ed.

Singing makes you leave off praying, and praying makes you leave off singing.

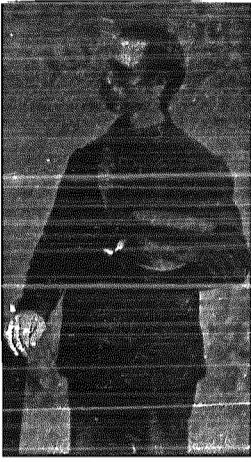
If God's mercies are not handstopers they will be milestones; if they do not draw us to God and His抗拒, they will sink us under a load of condemnation.—C. Spurgeon.

## "CURSES GOD, DESPISES HEAVEN."

### Col. Robt. Ingersoll's Terrible Arraignment of Alcohol.

The following wonderful piece of word painting has been frequently published, but it is so good as to be worth many repetitions. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in addressing a jury in a case which involved the manufacture of alcohol, made the following terrible arraignment of the demon: "I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, causes conjugal love, blot out filial attachment, blights parental hope, brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers friends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds the glutton, invites cholera, invades consumption, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idiocy, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffold."

"It is the lifeblood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and support of the midnight incendiary. It contaminates the fair, respects the timid, esteems the blasphemous. It violates obligation, reverences fraud and before infamy. It defames reputation, hates love, scars virtue and shames innocence. It incites the father to neglect his helpless offspring, beats the husband to massacre his wife, and in a word grind the patriarchal axe. It burns up men, drives women, detests vice, curses God, despises Heaven. It abhors weakness, nurses ne'er-do-wells, defiles the jury box, and stains judicial erosion. It degrades the citizen, buses legislature, disarms statesmen and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation and unpeopled heaven. It poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins merit, insults confidence, saps reputation and wrecks our national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul, it is the sum of all villainy, the father of all crimes, the master of all abominations, the devil's friend and man's worst enemy."—Bishop of Gold.



ENSIGN BOB SMITH, Morden, North West Province.

- : THE : -  
**DRINK-DEMON'S  
DEATH-GRAPPLE**  
With Sergeant-Major Lowes.

Gambling and Carousing—Mick of Life—Self-Humbled—The Badge on His Breast.

(Continued.)

I WENT AS FAR WEST AS MOOSEJAW. I had made up my mind to live a new life and do right, for I did want to live a good life. When I arrived at Moosejaw I found that the devil was there ahead of me, and had my career marked out for me. I met with men there who loved their whiskey. They got me to start, and when once I got started to drink I could not control myself, the devil had such a hold of me.

I stopped in Moosejaw eight months.

**A Terrible Eight Months**

It was drinking and gambling all the time. I think I went to two Army meetings, but I was so drunk that I did not know what they were saying. I often wonder God did not strike me dead for my wickedness. Oh, I do thank God that He was so merciful to me. I got so tired of my life I could not rest. I thought that a change to Ontario might do me good.

On my way down I called at Moosejaw to see my sister. After drinking and carousing around for a few days I went to the Salvation Army. The first night I was pretty drunk, and consequently did not know very much about what was going on. I went again the next night.

The Holy Spirit took hold of me.

The Captain spoke to me.

He told her that I WOULD NOT GET SAVED.

I went again the next night, and at the close of the meeting the Lieutenant wanted me to get saved. I told her, too, that I would not, but I would give up drinking.

I went again—for by this time I could not stay away—and as soon as the invitation was given to come to Jesus, I started for the pentent-form, got

**Down on My Knees,**

and after a hard struggle with the devil—for he did not want to let me go—I got the victory, and rose to my feet A NEW MAN.

... . . .

A new creature in Christ Jesus, old things had gone away, and all things had become new. Now comes the fight. I felt God wanted me in the Army. The Lieutenant stuck a badge on my breast, and I promised her I would wear it. A few days after, I started for Ontario.

It was a struggle for me to wear the badge before my old companions, but God helped me not only to wear my badge, but to show by my life that I was a changed man.

After stopping in Ontario for about three months, I returned to Moosejaw, and attended the meeting. One of the comrades asked me to come on the platform. I went. The Lieutenant asked me for MY PASS.

I told her that I had got saved here about three months ago, and that I did not know I had to have it.

She asked me to write for a pass from the corps that I attended while in Ontario. I intended to do it, but in the meantime the devil whispered in my ear, why write for a pass? You can go to the church. They will take you without a pass if the Army won't.

I yielded to the impulse and went. I soon found that I was in the wrong place.

I began to go back in my soul.

I could not be obedient to God and go to church. God wanted me in the Army, and there I had to go or go back to my old life, yet I went back far enough to cut off my connection with God. I had to repeat and do my first works over again. And I believe that it was the last thing that ever happened to me, because it humbled me and made me a wiser man. God has to

right in the centre of a large farming district, with all the characteristics of an American city, with a "get there" on all you see being done. Even the base-hounds announce their games "to be played for blood." There is Broadway and Front street, a credit to any city, straight and wide, (not the sort that would break a rabbit's back getting around the corners in a half-mile.) Some of the stores are second to none in the Northwest. "That's right." When one comes in sight of Broadway in summer he has got into the city of fifty thousand, and into the temple of Neptune in the centre of this great-head city the Salvation Army has a nice hall, where mighty meetings are going on with good success. The people here are a benevolent lot. This is seen whenever we ask for a collection in the church. May God bless and repay them for their kindness. Our crowds in the open-air are all that could be desired, great attention given. The Chief of Police and staff are a credit to the city. They don't forget us. Six out for salvation, a number for sanctification, four or five want to be soldiers.—Ensign Hughes.



Sometimes in order to bring us to sometimes.

I am glad He helped me to surrender all. I find that perfect obedience brings perfect peace.

It is nearly three years since the Lord saved me. During that time He has been my Guide. I have had lots of hard fighting and a good dent of opposition, but through it all the Lord has kept me. I love the fight better than ever. Instead of going around the streets drunk I love to stand on the street corners and uphold the street corners and uphold

**The Saviour of Men,**

or to take up a collection in the open-air, sell War Cry in the saloons, and tackle people about their souls.

WHAT A CHANGE! I can hardly realize it! What can I do to repay the Lord for His goodness to me? I feel that I am unworthy of His mercy. When I think of my past life it fills me with shame to think that I had wandered so far from the God who had LOVED ME SO MUCH.

My all is on the altar. I'll take it back no more, NEVER, NEVER.



GRAFTON, N. D.—Surely the Salvation Army is growing in this place.

Three souls since last report. Being quite dark we did not take up a collection at the open-air, and were moving off when a man ran after the Captain saying, "Here, General, here, General," and putting a quarter into her hand turned away. We find many good and kind friends who are ever ready to stand by us. Some of them will make good soldiers.—Captain E. Kemp, Lieut. Gibbs, Lieut. Anderson.

WINNIPEG.—H. F. has passed off very successfully concluding a difficult class last Saturday to the corps totalled over \$700, and taking into consideration that the people had the same week given to the Trades and Labor Demonstration \$600 for prizes, I am sure that you will be pleased to report that the same corps has raised the sum of \$325, beating last year by \$22. The Major, the Adjutant, Ensign Clark, and I were there for the week-end.—Captain Spencey.

HAT PORTAGE.—Victory. Six souls cried for mercy during the week. Some have taken their stand as soldiers.—Ensign Lee.

EMERSON.—Capt. Westcott something better, after a severe attack of bronchitis. Hit our target square in the eye. Things look up.—Captain Petich.

FARGO—is one of the prettiest places (if not the prettiest) in N. D.,

converted I had a strong desire to do the will of my blessed Jesus. I love to tell what our heavenly Father has done.

There has been a wonderful change in my life since I gave God my heart. Before I was converted I was a total wreck through strong drink and other terrible sins. I was so miserable and unhappy that I was truly tried of life, but glory to God I have been converted. Now I am happy. I am determined to keep my trust in the service of God. Please God for the Salvation Army, when I was converted in one of the Shelters. It was the Life-Boat on the corner of Victoria street and Walton avenue, Toronto, January, 1893.—Soldier, Richmond Street, E.C.M.



HALIFAX.—Souls have professed salvation. Several of our comrades have left us for other places, and some have been laid aside from sickness, making us shorthanded. Still, no surrender. There are sounds of warfare in the air. We shall miss Captain Raynor very much. God bless him. Some of our comrades have been through the fire of affliction.—WESTVILLE, N. S.—The Lord helped us to strike our target. Friends very kind. Then orders to farewell. Good-bye—E. Knight, P. S.—Mrs. Knight and baby well.

PARRISHBORO.—Complete success.

Struck target and led district. Friends liberal with help. Ensign Tilley farewelled.—A. R. Boss.

PENOISQUE.—Grand meetings, hall full each night. Sell thirty Crs. One soul. It is indeed a delight to hold a meeting here.—Capt. Andrews.

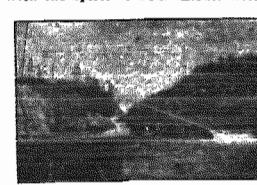
NEWCASTLE—Meetings led by Captain and Mrs. Pugh. Power of God felt. Mrs. Pugh spoke on the rescue work. One sister at night claimed pardon by faith. Lieutenant Smith present, but unable to take much part through ill-health.—Carrie Reeves, A.L.B.



PARIS.—Capt. Lanze, who has been fighting here, on account of sickness, has had to lay down the weapons, we are sorry to say. She was taken to the hospital. Last account she was improving. She asks our comrades in the war to pray for her. Holness meeting time of much conviction. One soldier had got free again. Lots of fire.—Sec. McLaughlin.

INGERSOLL.—Target bounded, don't know what it's going to be's shot at the post office. Strange the attitude of Country canvassed for miles around.

Though the place has suffered terribly from the dry weather the crops being burnt out of the ground in some places, the farmers helped us along abundantly. Meetings Sunday, led by Captain Cockrell. Juniors taking active part. Monday the first customer came along and bought out eight dollars worth of stuff. God bless the postmaster!—Lieut. Liston.



GRAND FALLS—100 feet—and Log CHUTE, Muskoka River.

TORONTO.—Christianity meant to me that I would have to let Christ take up His abode in my heart and dwell there every minute of each day. To have Jesus dwelling in our hearts we must leave ourselves fully in His hands to do just what He wants us to do, and to pray often and earnestly for divine strength to do His blessed will. It is impossible to do the will of God without first being born of the Spirit. Thank God, when I was

**His Faith.**

It is said that some years ago, when the Second Adventists were expecting our Lord to come, on a given night, many persons sat up to keep watch. Among the rest, a small company in a rural district took up their meeting in a hay field. Hour after hour passed. At length, before daybreak, one of the men, overcome by weariness, lay down among the newly-mown hay, and was soon fast asleep. One or two of the company were ruggedly inclined, and to convince their sleeping companion that the last day had really come, they set the haystack on fire, standing ready to watch the result.

The poor fellow must have been a doubting, half-and-half Christian—if a Christian at all. Awakened by the smoke and flame, he exclaims, "IN HELL, JESUS!" WHAT I EXPECTED!

# THE LATEST!

Mrs. Colonel Eadie has gone to Heaven.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

## THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the principles of the Christian life.

Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

NEWFOUNDLAND gets a special representation in this issue, and they deserve it. They are a loyal, out-and-out Salvation Army crowd. They love God, and know what a hurricane of prayer is, as a consequence they win souls for Jesus. They revere their leaders in the war and believe in the Army through and through. We prophesy for the Commissioners on the occasion of his visit there, a time of untincted love, loyalty, daring faith, and fighting enthusiasm. Forward! Newfoundland.

### THE 13th AT LONDON, HURRAH!

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE Thirteenth Anniversary Celebrations are a thing of the past. Major Streeton declares that from Brigadier Margetts downwards the West Ontario comrades were at the apex of enthusiasm, they indulged in a sort of Hallelujah Extravaganza. The only drawback to the whole was the very different attitude of the Commandant. He is a fighter indeed, and literally dragged himself to the front again and again. It is specially desirable that he should be sustained throughout the Anniversary Campaigns. Let us not forget "The prayers of the righteous avail much."

### WINDSOR, N.S.

The story that Ensign Watson has to tell of the Windsor, N.S., authorities' recent proceedings seems incredible. Nevertheless the account is reliable and unexaggerated. We regret the occurrence. Our officers have done what they could to accommodate themselves to the wishes of the police, and are in no wise responsible for the unusual action of the authorities. They are followers of Jesus Christ, open-air preachers, so our duty is plain. Moreover it will be remembered that Windsor, N.S., is a Scott Act town; public sentiment is up-to-date, and we shall be surprised if the voice of the public does not demand the cessation of such antics as those which have disgraced the town recently.

### WINDSOR, N.S., AGAIN.

The case of Frank Brothers, Salvation Army soldier at Windsor, N.S., and prisoner of the law, will, whenever known, raise a query as to what kind of justice is administered at Windsor? Frank may be used formerly to lay about the streets drunk and disorderly, but now that he is respectable again, he finds himself both arrested and imprisoned, and that for doing what S.A. soldiers are doing in every considerable city throughout the Empire. Intelligent Windsor ratepayers will not relish footing the bill for this kind of work, which ordinary people will call persecution.

### MORE ARMY, LESS CRIME.

READ THIS STORY of H. L. Nokes, appearing in this issue, and you will see a frequent result of the Army's work. Loyalty to Christ made Nokes choose arrest and imprisonment. Being made right in heart, he will have all his relationships with his fellowmen right. It is only recently that an escaped convict got saved at Seattle, and almost immediately gave himself up to justice. These things in their very nature strike the attention, but they are merely illustrations of the working of these underlying principles which affect all who come under the influence of the Christ.

Spirit which is in the Army. The good done is not confined to those only who become saved; the effect of Army teaching reaches far beyond them. The Army is a moral salt amidst the surrounding corruption, and there are many illustrations of the fact that the moral atmosphere of whole neighborhoods is made permanently sweeter by the conscience-stirring operations of the Army. The Army makes distinctly for good citizenship, and lessens the work of the police. It is no wonder, therefore, that in very many instances police authorities eulogize the Army, and are only too glad to see the crowds attending our operations in the streets.

"VITAL SPARK" is the nom de plume under which the editor-in-chief of our Australian periodical usually writes. "And," remarked someone as they finished reading a contribution from his pen, "he is a vital spark." There is no question but that he is a smart, bright, cute, young fellow; moreover, he has the knack, as Colonel Kilby, the Australian Chief Secretary, remarked in a recent personal letter, of putting his very best into his work and yet keeping HIMSELF out of sight.

We will leave readers of "POLL COTT" to verify the truth of what we say. The editor of the Canadian War Cry knows Mary Cott personally, and he will vouch for the truth of the amazing statements which appear in the thrilling narrative by Staff-Captain Stephens, now running in the Canadian War Cry under the title "Poll Cott."

### COLONEL HOLLAND

Ties the Nuptial Knot for Sgt. Beal and Sister Maggie McHarg, of Galt.

The "Reformer":—It is very unlikely, however, if a local event of this character has ever caused so much interest as the one so solemnized in the Salvation Army barracks last evening. The ceremony which united two soldiers of the cross in the holy bonds of wedlock was witnessed by an assembly that filled the spacious tabernacle to overflowing. Never before had Galt been favored with a hallelujah wedding, and its residents showed their appreciation of the honor paid to the town by attending and seeing for themselves how the soldiers of the cross conduct their matrimonial ventures.

If the soldiers were in gay and holiday attire, so was the barracks, as its walls were decorated with evergreens, white arches of the same material rose at intervals to the vaulted roof. From the ceiling to the walls hung festoons of variegated colors, in which the white and red predominated. The room was decidedly attractive, and if the pleasing and fairy-like surroundings under which the happy couple were wedded can have any influence on their future life, then they will assuredly enjoy happiness and prosperity. Possibly the spectacle that was the most striking was the platform itself. Here were grouped the enemies of Satan, in their characteristic garb.

#### The Ceremony.

Colonel Holland, Chief Secretary to Commandant Booth, was the officer chosen to tie the nuptial knot, and as he rose to his feet to commence the service, a hallelujah volley rent the air, accompanied by a fluttering cloud of handkerchiefs. Sgt. Beal and Miss Maggie McHarg, both of Brantford, then stepped forward, and the impressive marriage service was conducted.

#### The Banquet.

After the wedding ceremony, the Army members, and also a number of the audience, repaired to the banquet room, where a bonniful repast had been spread. During the evening the bridegroom was presented with an address and a handsome clock by the members of the local S.A. band.

Test your sanctification by the amount of forbearance you feel when abused.

## Three Army Editors Speak.

### An English Standpoint.

The adverse circumstances of Canada are more stimulating to the editorial pen than what are considered the favorable here. But we must all stick to our knees. God the Holy Ghost must be our inspirer. He must not be left out, or barrenness and death will attend even our enterprise.

*Her Grace, etc.  
M. A. M. M. S.*

—o—o—

From a Personal Letter Written by Staff-Captain Millsap, and Not Intended for Publication.

REMEMBER ME in your prayers, for we have many spiritual battles ahead, and the eternal destiny of souls, I believe, depends upon our labors; for the Lord's sake, and their sake we cannot afford to fail. We who deal with souls in masses, I fear, become accustomed to looking upon humanity in the lump, but oh! what an unspeakably fearful thing non-success on the part of Salvationists, or other workers, always means to individual souls. In other words, you and I are but two units in the great sea of humanity. If death should claim us, the world at large would not miss us, and care nothing because we were absent from the living, but to us it would be an exceedingly important matter. A soul swallowed up in the blackness of hell, and being but one of a countless host, might not even be noticed when it made its advent into hell, but oh! what a calamitous, horrible moment that would be to the newly-damned soul! Units! Units!! Units!!! Infinitely important, priceless units—fellow immortals, destined to weep forever or else to rejoice with joy unspeakable. No; we cannot afford to be careless about the salvation of a single soul. May God in His mercy cause us, and me—me—me—I must include myself by all means, to remember the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the exceeding weight of glory spoken by the King. Two exceeding. Truly extremes meet at the feet of Christ.

*My dear Friend  
John Millsap*

—o—o—

### No Prosy Platitudes.

This from the Australian Editor. How strikingly applicable to our territory!

"In our editorial capacity we are prepared to go to any amount of trouble to correct orthographical and grammatical errors, and recast faulty composition. If in the process any trace can be found of dramatic episodes, telling conversations, or old truths in a new dress, but we must most emphatically decline against the frequent folios of prosy platitudes and sermonics stereos, which find a sure resting-place in the waste-paper basket."

*Harry Stephen*

Prayer is an excellent act that God blesses it, even when He does not grant it.

—o—o—

A man's prayers, in so far as he prays sincerely, are governed by the nature and amplitude of his ideas concerning God. He cannot pray rightly who thinks of God wrongly. Prayers of such magnitude and magnificence as those of Paul are the native growth of magnificent conceptions of God's character and grace and adoring trust in His infinite love. A man whose God is little and mechanical, will pray a little perfunctory prayer.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BRIGADIER SCOTT?  
For answer see next week's War Cry.

IF POLL COTT does not take the rank for being the biggest S. A. trophy extant will some one advise us of the one who does?

Alive Man!  
Who?  
See War Cry frontispiece next week.

B. O. P. Thirteenth Anniversary Celebrations, led by the Commandant.

### W. O. P. PERSONALIA.

As soon as a meeting is over, the Commandant, like a thunder storm, is in for business, even though his physical strength will not permit him to sit up to execute it.

The Commandant is virtually General Booth No. 2, for work as well as for organisation.

SERGT. ARMSTRONG, the junior of the London Citadel, was attacked by two young men the worse for drink, and thrown down the Citadel stairs during the London meetings, and his head bled cut from forehead to back, as well as across his face, and is now in the hospital in a most dangerous condition. Pray for him.

THE LASSIES' BRASS BAND of the W. O. P. were a leading attraction at the London congress. They took the eye and ear. The band has been given a month's furlough, and then—

All were pleased to see their old Provincial Secretary, in the person of COLONEL HOLLAND, drop in on Wednesday afternoon.

Capt. Elmsay of Wallaceburg, and Pettit, of the L. B. B., were promoted to the rank of Captain.

ADM'T. TAYLOR's throat has "caxed in," which has necessitated his removal from Chatham. Adjt. Case has succeeded him.

CAPT. RUTLEDGE, at Lenington, dashed into the H. F. effort with such pace as caused him to sprain his ankle. He succeeded in going \$10.00 over his target all the same.

Some few officers changed stations at the big go, among whom were Captain and Mrs. Wheaten to St. Thomas; Captain and Mrs. Wakeland, Strathroy; Captain and Mrs. Fisher, Galt; Capt. Collett to Wingham; Captain Andrews to Listowel; Captain Rowe and wife to Norwell; Storey and Ogilvie to Watford.

ENSIGN DOWELL was dubbed "the Devil of Newfoundland," on account of his courageous efforts in the officers' council.

CAPTAIN LANZE, of Paris, Lieut. Hascok, of Berlin, as also Lieut. Haley, of Essex, were detained from London Congress through sickness.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON, of London, is the latest to receive the title of Ensign. Congratulations, Ensign.



She waits the assistance that your cents will afford in the Light Brigade Box.



## PETERBORO "CRY" SELLERS.

What shall we say of the afternoon sitting? Webster fails to supply a word that comes near describing it. It was one of those beautiful, soul-inspiring gatherings that can never be described. The Commandant, weak but willing, took charge. From business things drifted into an intensely spiritual atmosphere, and how that meeting could be surpassed for warmth, love, and unity of spirit would be hard to tell. What I wonder, can ever forget the loving, earnest, soul-stirring counsel that fell from the lips of our beloved leader?

The open-air bombardment at night was well received, and it seemed that whatever corner you poked your nose around there was an open-air in progress at boiling pitch. Inside, a beautiful crowd. Burning truth and shouts of victory.

The Commandant's address was like all his addresses, a red-hot, straight-to-the-point, beautifully worked out appeal to the hearts and consciences of the crowd. What a beautiful sight was that sea of upturned faces? Testimony was followed by a burning appeal from Mrs. Margaret, who seemed to literally pour out her soul. Soon the cry arises, "The first has come!" as a young man flings himself at the feet of Jesus, and he was not the only one.

J. B.

—60—

**WEDNESDAY — The Last of the Feast—A Glorious Climax—All Night of Prayer —Thirty Rise for the Blessing.**

THE J. S. WAR occupied the forenoon's council. The discussion of the subject by the officers and the fresh proposals of the Commandant for the advance of the branch of the work was highly interesting.

THE AFTERNOON was devoted to the spiritual welfare of the officers. God came wonderfully near, and helped the Commandant to deliver a masterly address. We saw our weak points and fortified ourselves on the same as a result of this council. Our worthy Chief Secretary, Colonel Holland was present at this meeting and spoke with power and profit to all.

Immediately after the close of the council, the Commandant and staff met in Adjutant Turner's quarters for supper. Our leader's talk on the possibilities of an officer was gauged down by us all, and was as reliable as the tea to which Mrs. Turner had prepared it.

We sat at 7 p.m. for a "specility" march. First three mounted B. O.'s, in red and white, led the way, a host of color-sergeants bearing their colors followed, the rank and file, the sham lassies, the sacred wagon, rescue officers in a life-boat, the J. S. warriors, the men in red and their special maneuvering, and the war chariot, the whole illuminated by beautiful colored lights. Crowd lined Dundas and Bloor-mond streets.

The Commandant's anniversary address was full of encouraging information, and clearly showed that Canada must make this an interesting idea is advancing. The bands did meetings. First, the "Lassies" band, then Chatham, with their neat, soldier-like appearance, nicely polished instruments, and sweet music; while Woodstock, which has stood the brunt of the battle for years, also favored us with a selection.

The Commandant was on hand to lead the **"ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER."** From the very first, God came wonderfully near. After some hearty singing the meeting was thrown open for testimony from those possessing a clean heart as to how they obtained it. Then the Commandant read. For over an hour and a-half straight holiness was dealt out. About thirty rose to their feet to claim the blessing, every one in the building then rising and re-consecrating themselves afresh. Then the glory came. Major Streeton sang a solo; a brigade of Newfoundland officers sang a chorus, and amid shouts of victory the meeting was closed, and our leader hurried off to catch the 4 a.m. train for Toronto.

"MAC."



Sergt. S. Dawson. Sergt. M. Woods.  
Sergt. Major Blackstock. Capt. Kendall. Sergt. L. Bowron.

War Cry boomers preach Christ in places and in a fashion where none else go. God bless them.

## A Deserter Tells His Tale.

### A RUNAWAY U. S. ARMY MAN, WHO SURRENDERED AFTER GETTING BAWED IN THE S.A.

Written Behind the Bars.

#### FORT MISSOULA, MONT.

I left my home when I was at the age of seven. I was like a great young other boy; as soon as they think they know wrong from right they think they know more than their fathers.

Being able to

#### Walk the Slack Wire

at that early age, it was my greatest desire to become a showman. When I was living at Lamar, Missouri, Sells Brothers circus came through, and I ran from one, in company with them, but my father caught me before it was too late. Then we moved to Texas. It was there I left home and went to San Antonio, in the same State. From that place I started out on the road the devil had intended for me.

I went on the variety stage as a slack rope walker. I worked there for \$20 per week. I left there and went with New York travelling menagerie, and I stayed with them until we got to Burlington, Iowa. It was there I first went in.

#### A Ring Show,

or in other words a circus. Our accommodations were so limited that some of us were compelled to sleep on our own beds. In every town we stopped at we would go out and steal all the lap robes we could find, and sell at the next town what we did not need for ourselves. It was only a joke, as we thought, to rob a man who was half drunk. We stayed out three weeks and broke up, and then I got tired of show life and went farming. I soon got tired of that. It was no honest living, so I went to St. Paul.

While there I thought I would go back to the show life again so I got

an engagement with the Belle Gilbert Dramatic Company. I went on the stage again and traveled with her for two seasons, and then I drifted back to St. Paul.

I happened to see the Stars and Stripes, and that soldiers were wanted for the U. S. Army. I enlisted, and was sent to Fort Assiniboin, Montana.

While there I got in with a bad lot, and got to drinking pretty hard. This was my comrade and good for twenty-four hours' pass for the purpose of going on hunt. We went hunting all right, but we soon tired of hunting game and went to hunting whiskey. The next morning I awoke in the foot hills, and I started back to the Post, as I thought, but instead of getting into the Post I got on the Canadian side. I was afraid to return, so I thought I would join the Northwest.

#### Mounted Police Force.

It was here my troubles began. I was a member of the peace force for three years, and out of that three years I did two years and six months in jail. It was all through whiskey and sin. I wanted to be tough, but now I can see where I was wrong.

I was discharged as a bad character, and came back to Great Falls. I went to work again on the stage in the Park Theatre. I worked two weeks, and went to Sand Coulee and gave a show. Then I went into the coal mines to work, but as I was not ready to die I quit that, for they used to carry out from one to five men a week, sometimes more. They have carried out TEN MEN IN A DAY; so I went back to the stage once more. From there I went to Kalispell, Spokane, Missoula, Helena and Butte City. I worked in all those places, and was known as "KID LEON."

I was in Butte City when I was saved, and I am still saved. Glory to God!

BEING A DESERTER, I gave myself up. I do not know what they are going to give me, but one thing I do know, Christ is with me. I am as happy as a child of a King.

H. L. NOOKES.

Editor—I will the below that used to have his face blackened up.



BLOOMFIELD.—"We'll bring the women right to the front, and make the cowards and the duffers stand." So we do. Big H. F. meeting sale, Capt. Walker with us, and Lieut. Norman. Special music and singing, organ, guitar and corset duets, and lots of blessed time. Target struck—Lieut. McNamee.

### The Salvation Tent Name Roll The names of those who have given

MONCTON.—Lieut. McIntyre met us at the station. A tent meeting had been announced, so the brethren worked like beavers to get it up in a short time built, etc. Good meeting. Capt. and Mrs. Pugh sang us a duet, accompanied by Mrs. Pugh's guitar and Captain's concertina. Thursday night a Social meeting, led by Capt. and Mrs. Pugh. The string band gave us sweet music. Mrs. Pugh spoke of the Brethren work. Capt. Lorimer received orders to leave us and go to Elstree to hold on Friday afternoon War Cry selling. We went down to the car works with eighty-five War Crys, and very soon disposed of the lot. It is a pleasure to sell War Crys in this way. At night a splendid open-air fair crowded inside. Lieut. Piercy had the testimony and sang a solo. Mrs. Pugh recited.

Saturday, reinforced by Ensign Coombs, with his violin. Counter attractions in the open-air, among them being a German band, but the Army got the crowd, and kept it, too, inside a big crowd. Ensign Coombs called for the testimony of two married men, duly given; then followed two married women, then two single brothers, but when he called for two unmarried sisters only one stood up. What a lot of married folk there must be there! Ensign Coombs gave an earnest appeal.

Sunday beautiful knee-drill. At holiness meeting a nice crowd. Lieut. Piercy sang "Saviour, I know Thou lovest me," and Mrs. Pugh read. One aged brother yielded himself to the Master. Afternoon, large open-air and good concert. Ensign Coombs sang "Top-Notch testimony." The brother said that his heart used to be a cesspool, another that his heart had been filled with gas. Then a Methodist brother in the audience declared that we all needed lots of dynamite. Ensign Coombs sang "Joy, joy, joy" and said that some people's experience was "Jaw, jaw, jaw," but he was thankful that the Lord could give them a new one—that of joy. Lieut. Piercy sang "Heaven's Jubilee," very sweetly. Also a solo from Captain Prince, who is at home resting.

At night we admitted no children, yet the tent was full. One sister professed salvation.

Monday night was the H. F. sale, so all that day suitable articles were carried into the tent, until there was quite a display. I always say, "I jeweller kindly gave us a nice silver watch. We had a wonderful marching band, lots of makers, pitchforks, bundles of grain, and home-made torches. It drew the crowd. Our speaker was immense. They came from the barracks, too. Ensign Coombs sang "Salvation Hooray," whereat we all waved our hats. Two sisters fell at Jesus' feet. When they rose to their feet the husband of one walked up and stood beside her. When the converts had spoken he added his testimony and expressed his gratitude. With joyful hearts we sat on with the sale. The people bought well. Monday ends the series of meetings so this ends the special correspondence of "MAX."

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.—It is just one month since the S. A. visited this town. Some have taken their stand for Christ. The people of Bozeman are a beautiful, whole-hearted lot for helping anything that will benefit their town. The ministers of the different churches have greatly assisted in the meetings, as have also their people. We believe they will be a band of people who now are to be raised up, who shall stand for Christ to the end of time.



"THE LIFE AND GLORY BOYS," H. M. S. Magicienne.



Cad. John Matham.

Bro. Jim.  
Bro. Collins.

Cad. Cole.

## MORE JOLLY JACK TARS.

Our "Life and Glory Boys."

H. M. S. "MAGICIENNE"

Drops Anchor at "The Lighthouse,"  
Montreal.

Beautiful times here, especially now we have the hallelujah Jack Tars with us from H. M. S. MAGICIENNE, which is lying alongside the dock here. FOUR GOOD, GODLY BLUE-JACKETS they are. They stormed the Lighthouse on Saturday night.

Just plain sailors, though, sailor boys out in the water for a time, and having to bottle up their glorified salvation, and then just think of them stepping ashore and drawing the cork.

I tell you, comrades, it more than bubbled up, singing, praying, or shouting. They all are good singers. The Lighthouse they have made their headquarters.

—■■■■■—

The sailor boys will be with us for two weeks. The "WILLIAM BOUTTE" steers into port here (D.V.). The jolly Jack Tars will be with us to receive them we hope. Two of our sailor boys are candidates for the work, one for Canada and the other for Jamaica.

THE LIGHTHOUSE is still shining bright to steer poor human wrecks into the hallelujah dry-dock, where they can get overhauled, repaired and launched once more out into the full ocean of God's love. Oh, it's beautiful to see a total wreck start in and sail out again, with all its ringing set.

LIEUT. FLETCHER.

**"ACCEPT A NEW FLAG,"**  
Said Montreal to the Cruiser  
"William."

THE CREW OF THE "WILLIAM" AT MONTREAL

Not a moment was lost. Just as the celebrated steam yacht "William" had been fastened up, Commodore McMillan turned her around and the soldiers from Montreal I. and II., who had given the Naval Brigade a rousing welcome, and headed by the vis-

iting brass band, they marched to the nearest street car, which took as many as wished out to Point St. Charles.

Commencing with a good will the MARINES WORKED ENERGETICALLY all the time they remained with us. Marches and meetings were held in every detail. On Sunday the Temple brass band turned out to do a share, although some of the boys were out of the city. Crowds attended every meeting, and God blessed every effort, so none need wonder at the successful issue.

Through some unavoidable circumstances they were delayed in their departure, so it was well noised abroad that one more opportunity to hear the Salvation Marines was extended Montrealers, and they turned out in fine style, for the barracks was nicely filled.

The boys were in good trim, and as they BOUNCED ENSIGN MACDONALD he retitled it.

Music, song, and brief testimonies and splendid life history, by "SIMPY, THE BAD BOY FROM THE WEST" with a hallelujah Bible reading, brought the four days' campaign to a close.

As a token of love, the friends presented the crew of the S. A. Cruiser with a new flag, for which they obtained the best thanks of all on board.

The leaves men follow, but the cup of Christ's agony they leave.



CITY OF MONTREAL.

## Soup & SAVIATION

### The Gambler's Dupe.

MONTREAL SHELTER. — ONE YOUNG FELLOW, well dressed and looking very respectable, came into our meeting, this day being his first day in town. The following is his testimony: Two weeks ago my father died in Valleyfield, leaving me four hundred dollars.

I went this evening to Catan Landing with the intention of laying out my money. I met a friend—as I thought—who enticed me into a gambling house.

He asked me if I ever played cards.

"I told him 'No.'"

"Oh," he said, "you will soon learn."

#### Fool I Was!

I started to play, and after a while I lost 25¢, then 50¢, then \$1, and so on up to \$10.

I was just beginning to see how the game was played, and thinking I should like to win back what I had lost, I started to play for \$10 a time.

Not a cent came back, but my four hundred dollars dribbled down to five dollars.

Oh, how bad I felt! I left the place and bought a ticket to Ottawa, but I got out at Lancaster and took train to Montreal. Landing on Saturday noon, I have been wandering round all the afternoon and wondering where I should put up at night.

I somehow or other wandered on to Common street, and there

#### The Singing Attracted

me. I stood looking in the doorway, till the Lieutenant invited me in. I went, just as the Captain was speaking of the Prodigal Son, and how he spent all his money. This seemed to break me right up. I always did have a desire to do what was right.

So when the invitation was given over I went to the penitent form. Although I know nothing about your religion, having been raised a Catholic, yet I believe God has saved me, and I mean to try the Salvation Army road, for I have had enough of my own.

With this our friend asked us to pray for him. Sunday all day he was at his post, testifying three times. Monday morning he called in with his Bible under his arm to see us. Last night Tuesday, he called in to tell us he had got work, and was going to keep true to God. Thank God for the cleansing blood.



Have you an evil temper? Oh, how many are kept out of the Church today by the unloving tempers of those within! "Temper is made up of jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness," and I should like to add revenge and murder. Now, this temper is not the work of God. No; then it must be of the devil.

## Re-Told

AND WORTH IT.

#### Fruit.

There was a man wounded who lay all Sunday night in a tent held by the rebels, on the ground, in the mud, uncared for. During the long and terrible night, amid the rain and roar of artillery, there came vividly back to him the text and all the argument of a sermon he had heard twenty years before. The Holy Spirit sent home the impression of that night; and the seed, twenty years buried, sprang up, and bore forth fruit in his conversion. He lived six weeks to give testimony to God's goodness.

#### One Man Out.

Only one man paraded, and he attracted more attention than the "Industrial Army" would have done. It rained a little, but the brave soldier of salvation plodded through the mud. With one hand he held cornet to his mouth, and with the other he beat a bass drum, which was strapped to his person. The drum was heavy, but with the weight of his shoulders he held his head aloft and beat a religious inspiration through the mud. His good right hand swung the drum stick and the man went down the street as proud as a king on coronation day. "He kept step perfectly," said a military man in describing the performance. The right wheel made at the post office by the one man procession was a fine one. Two backs and a horse stopped to let him pass! The music was just as good as the Army in its best days ever made. The best of discipline characterized the parade, and it was followed by a crowd bigger than the procession itself. — The "Sun."

#### "Lova Now!"

"I wuz a bad man," said the Italian, "w'en I wuz a younga man. I had a ver' bad temper. When I get twenty-one years I wanna getta be gooda. I see a girl, but I no lova her. I marry her. I tinka love afterward, but not be love, we wuz tree mons. I tried to lova, but I couldn't. I can 'way and worked in a tailor shop. I gon to Italy. One day de boss say lady baby ask you. I go out; seen my wife. I say, 'you baby?' I goa back here. She say, 'you baby?' I goa back here wid her, but run away again soon. I got three children now, but I always run 'way. Poor woman, she wuz tired." He then told in detail how he had run away from his wife twelve times. "One time I say to her, 'We go Chicago. She go to ferry; I go to Baltimore.' And the convert laughed as he thought of his wife's discomfiture. "But I lova my wife now. When de Salvation Army come my boy go, my wife, too, I kicka de boy, but bimbo go meself. I'm a Christian now. W'en we pray I pay to lova my wife." — "Tribune."

#### Thus it is.

A tiny acorn fell upon a great rock. "Please hide me from the cold," whispered the acorn. The rock allowed him to slip into a narrow crevice, where he was sheltered from the winter's storms, and was quite forgotten. When the spring came the little acorn awakened and sprouted, but could not cast the acorn out. Years passed, and the tiny sprout grew into a great tree, and the huge rock was rent asunder and buried down the mountain and dashed to pieces. Thus it is with A LITTLE SIN.

The Turkish Ambassador in London is reported to have shed tears when personally told by Lord Salisbury that he would be played with no longer over Armenia. There must be a tender side to the Turk after all. 'Tis a pity, however, these precious crystals are scattered over the desolate homes and broken bodies of the martyred Christians.

Who learns and learns, and acts not what he knows,  
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.

# 'THE REAPER.'



There is a Reaper whose name  
is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the bearded grain  
of life,  
And the flowers that grow  
between.

NEW GLASGOW.—We first saw Winnie A SAD-EYED BABE in one of our Homes, where she found the love and care many such helpless innocents as she was, fail to find elsewhere.



WINNIE.

Next we recall the day when they took her from the arms of one of our devoted Rescue Officers, bringing her to take the place open to her in the hearty home of our crusaders, Brother and Sister Grange who, while she was with them, did for her all that affection and care could do.

They learned to love her dearly, for she grew so winsome and bright, more and more cherished as the days went by, making the home pleasant with merry prattle and childish play.

She was two years old when she came to them, and for fifteen months they had her to love and care for. Then she was very suddenly taken ill with that dread disease, scarlet fever, in its worst form.

In a very few days her childish prattle was stilled and her little form lay still in death. Our honored friends were quiet and lonely now, but then concerning such as Winnie has it not been said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The bud has been transplanted from earth to bloom in paradise.

CAPTAIN MACPHERSON.

—

## BRO. WILLIAM CRAIG,

Born in the Orkney Islands.

PRINCE ALBERT.—"Now the chains of sin are broken, I am free!" This was our brother's last testimony, on September 4th, when he took his stand as a soldier of Jesus on the platform here.

He was called to dwell with the redeemed September 8.

BROTHER CRAIG was born in

The Island of Eglesay, in the Orkney Islands, in the year 1831.

As a boy he had a longing to become a Jack tar. At thirteen he bid farewell to his home to live on the ocean wave a life which he followed for nearly fifty years.

Having sailed to almost every seaport in Africa, and almost every place where a ship would take him, he was at last landed in Prince Albert in 1883, where he engaged to work on the boats of the port of Skeatowchan River. He was one of the hands of the steamer "Lady," which sank on the north Saskatchewan in 1885. He returned to Scotland on a visit to his wife and part of his family, who live there. He once again returned to Prince Albert, where he was employed by the H. B. Company as night-watcher over their grist mill, and by Messrs. Morris & Macdonald, the great lumber merchants here, in the summer months. This duty he performed up till within three days of the time

when he was called away by his Master.

He proved himself a true follower of Jesus Christ, often walking three miles to meeting.

He leaves a son here and a daughter in Australia.

J. F. MCKENZIE.

## EDITH AND ETHEL,

The Treasurer's Baby-Cris. Treasures in Heaven.

PETERBORO.—We are indeed sorry to report the death of the two dear little babes of Treasurer and Mrs. Butcher, but we feel sure that our God, Who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, has done "all that is best" for them. We earnestly pray that in the measure of affliction He will comfort and bless them, and that it will only be the means of drawing them nearer to the blessed Saviour Whom they love and serve. God bless them.

SERGT. MAY LANG.

## OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

PRINCE ARTHUR.—Brother and Sister Granger said farewell to Little Alfred Gibson, their youngest son, aged 14 months, who one year ago was dedicated to God and the Army by Major Read. The funeral took place on Tuesday. An impressive service was held in the barracks by Captain Gooding and Lieutenant Dwyer, assisted by Rev. W. A. Cook, Methodist minister of this place. At the grave side we pledged ourselves to God afresh.

J. MCKENZIE.

BROCKVILLE.—MY DEAR FATHER, I was called to thy eternal home of rest on August 16th. I got to his bedside just a few hours before he died. Though unable to speak, he recognized my voice, and I believe he was trusting the power of the blood of Jesus to save him. After fifty years married life he rests from his labors at the age of 70 years. Mother and all the children (nine) still survive him.

"For we know (thank God we KNOW) that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

C. J. MASON.

## TWO SABBATH DAYS IN GAUT,

1853 1895.

FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO, on my arrival from Scotland, I spent a Sunday in the town of Gaunt. After that long interval I spent another—but how wide the difference. I do not mean merely the advance the town has made in material progress, but, and specially, the difference in the religious world THEN AND NOW.

THEN one service was held in the only Presbyterian church of the place, a plain, barn-like building, the sermon two hours in length, and preached in pointed dress in his day, the Rev. Dr. Bayne. Fancy people of to-day sitting for three hours at one service and listening for two hours to a sermon on Calvinistic divinity!

Now, let me try in a few words to describe my recent experience. I was awakened early by the chiming through the chambers of my soul of a chorus of the Christian Alliance,

"Glory, hallelujah! Glory to His name, Glory to the name of Jesus."

At seven o'clock I was off on the glad wings of anticipation to knock-drt at the A. barracks, where a real blood and fire and manhood held. There was power and might, and biased literary, both in divine service and in anthem. A blessed holiness meeting was held, which "made Heaven nearer, and Christ dearer, than yesterday to me," which came up to the standard set by Dr. Thomas Chambers of a successful meeting, viz., to "Send the people home whilng it had been longer." The open-air in the afternoon in the park was memorable, and the evening service no less, but the contrast between 1853 and 1895 was beyond words striking. May the R. A. "occupy till Jesus comes."

AUXILIARY.

Much prayer without Bible makes it dreamy and vague.

# TRADE DEPARTMENT!

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God is with us.  
Praise the Lord.  
God will provide.  
Thy will be done.  
Jesus only.

—



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Size, 5 x 2 inches.  
Price, 10c each.

My grace is sufficient for thee.

Christ has made us free.  
The Lord is my strength.

He is faithful that promises.

Give thanks unto the Lord.

With my song will I praise Him.

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Size, 5 x 2 inches.  
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He is faithful that promises.

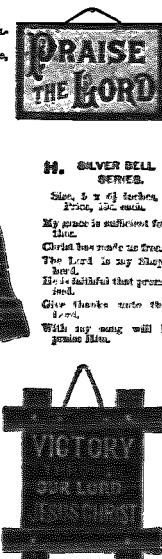
Underneath are the everlasting arms.

His banner over me was truth.

He established the longing soul.

Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Commit thy way unto the Lord.



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## TESTIMONIALS

DID YOU KNOW?

Why, certainly. What do you think of these for a start?

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 24th, 1884.

DEAR COMRADE,—I received my set yesterday, and am delighted with it. It is perfection.

Yours in Jesus,

W. —, Capt.

\* \* \* Hastings-on-Hudson, Aug. 19, 1884.

DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN.—I received my good set on Saturday evening, and was well pleased with it. I enclose sample of Goods and want you to let me know what would cost to have a dress made up from them, both with and without piping them. I am a tall man, 6 ft. 2 in., and a month I may be able to send you another order. I need to have an idea that it would be so much more expensive having an order filled so far away, but I find I can have it done much cheaper, besides helping on the war.

C. R.

L. A. L. R.

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## WATCHES FOR GREAT REDUCTIONS

In Fall and Winter ULSTERS and OVERCOATS Announced later.

# Poll Cott:

## A TALE OF A TERMAGANT.

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEPHENS.

## II.—Enforced Emigration.

Poll grew impatient of her mother's authority and began to disregard it altogether. She was guilty of many little acts of disobedience, which, of course, led her further astray and caused intense grief to the parent who was so wrapped up in her. She went like all wayward, headstrong children—from bad to worse—and getting her name inscribed on the bad books of the neighbors, came to be looked upon as a real scapgegrace.

Poll had picked up with a number of girls of curious ready habits, and these new acquaintances became a source of annoyance and anxiety to Mrs. Maguire, who, in spite of occasional flagellations by which she endeavored to hold the girl in check, was fast losing all control of her daughter.

"Poll Maguire, blist here's thy mither coming petting ather ye like the blues wid a stick as thick as Father Peter's own!" Thus the giggling crew of colleens would acquaint Poll of Mrs. Maguire in search of

## Her Recreant Daughter.

"Ave ye seen my Mary this way?" the distracted woman would ask, as she cast a suspicious glance at her daughter's questionable associates. "I sicht her this morning for a pinch o' thy an', morsel of cheese, and not a sight hiv I seen of her since."

Poll's companions, ever on the alert to play a joke upon the poor mother, would say—

"Eb, the fagot! the graceless wench!" while Poll clucked safely from an adjoining hedge. "To threat her mither the like. Sure we seed her over at Pat Murphy's? An' ye're sure it wus my Poll ye saw?"

"Aye, it was Poll enough, wid a brown skirt an' a red shawl."

"Yes, shure, me own red shawl, and me, a decent woman, racin' iverywhere for her wid notthin' to kiver but the skirt of me old gownd."

"Over at Pat Murphy's? An' ye're sure it wus my Poll ye saw?"

"Aye, it was Poll enough, wid a brown skirt an' a red shawl."

"Yes, shure, me own red shawl, and me, a decent woman, racin' iverywhere for her wid nottin' to kiver but the skirt of me old gownd."

"Well, ye'll find her at Pat's, Mrs. Maguire. She's awfu!"

## Busy Wid the Whuskey

an' the company over yonder."

Poll's mother, best with many a doubt, would look askance at her informants, and subject them to a pretty careful cross-examination, which they invariably went through with stoical indifference; and inclining to a belief that her daughter's habits would lead her to seek the company of those who usually gather at an Irish wake, she would set out in quest of the delinquent. Pat's cabin being a couple of miles away, over a round and boggy road, an hour or two would elapse before the poor, travel-stained matron could reach home after the wild-goose chase on which she had been sent by her daughter's heartless friends.

In the meantime Poll would emerge from her hiding-place, while her companions, considering the whole affair a joke, would

## Scream With Laughter

as soon as the poor mother was out of shot.

"Aye, but she's in a mighty tare wid ye. She'll be tellin' the prafit of ye sure as ye name's Poll Maguire." "Well, it's 'Good-night' to ye, thin, my darlin', for it's in bed I'll be durin' an' snorlin' when me mither comes home," and away the heedless girl would go, towards her mother's cabin, her bare feet seeming scarcely to touch the ground over which she crawled.

Mixing as Mary did with the most graceless of the place—woman grown old in such "divilment" as she, in spite of her mad-cap ways and love of fun and mischief, had never dreamt of—she often set her mother at utter defiance, and would go galivanting about at all hours with her loose companions.

But at length she was brought to an abrupt standstill. Having fallen in company with a woman older than herself who was breaking the laws of the country, Poll was carried to the lock-up and charged with an offence which brought her under the penal code.

Poor Mrs. Maguire! Her hunt for her "darlin'" ended at last

## At the Prison Door.

What her grief was like we will not attempt to describe. A woman of decent family, and herself held in respect by all who knew her, the sense of disgrace which she experienced must have been very keen indeed. Sorrow followed sorrow, for with the disgrace came the wrench of separation—a wrench which the widow mother felt as one of the worst drops in her bitter cup. The pugnacity of Mrs. Maguire's grief knew no bounds for the love she bore her wayward child was passionate to the extreme.

A short delay—a time of insufferable suspense to the distressed mother, and the day fixed for the girl's trial came round. Poll was found guilty of the offence with which she was charged, and sentenced to transportation—a sentence English judges had a particular fondness for pronouncing in the days of which this sketch speaks.

She had to leave the land of her forefathers for the land beyond the broad expanse of ocean, truly in those days looked upon as an unexplored country whence no traveller was likely to return.

The embarkation was a heartrending scene. Soldiers and warders, armed and in full uniform, looking for an escape or rescue, regarded the pitiable-looking convicts as they passed down to the ship gyved and manacled like wild beasts. It was sad to reflect that these men and women, who

## Had Human Instincts,

and many of whom had once had hopes and aspirations similar to ourselves, were doomed to a convict's life on distant, almost unknown, strand. There many of them would live as exiles from the loved land of their birth, with the crown of a sorrowful sorrow—that of remembering their kindred, their friends, their brothers and sisters, their lives. Among Poll's convict companions were many older men and women, who, in spite of scowling, sullen countenances, broke down on stepping from their native shore to the vessel that was to be their home and prison for one hundred or more dreary days. Wringing their manacled hands they would cry in the intensity of their sorrow, "Ould Ireland, dear ould Ireland!"

Along the shore and on the old wooden pier were crowds of relatives and friends—fathers, mothers, and children of the prisoners—stricken with grief, wringing their hands and bewailing the fate of those who by force of the law were being torn cruelly from them and rudely hauled along the plank which led to the transport ship.

There last there stood upon that fatal plank the slight figure of a girl in her teens. Dressed in the gray convict garb, with the broad arrow conspicuous upon it, with her black, curly hair cut short, and wearing the regulation cap, it would have been difficult for anyone to recognise in that sad, strange figure Poll Maguire.

It needed, however, no effort on Mrs. Maguire's part to recognise her daughter, disguised and disfigured by harsh penal regulations. From a group of sympathising friends there rushed a woman, prematurely old and grey, shrieking her daughter's name in accents which pierced the hardest heart.

Leaving the poor creature, the girl waved her arm in affected jollity in the crowd, and in sheer bravado danced a fig upon the plank to the accompaniment of a popular hackneyed air. But above the girl's heartless song there rose

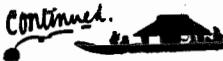
## The Mother's Shriek

—a shriek the terrible agony of which blanched the cheek of those who heard it, and scared even the birds which flew about the rigging of the convict ship. It resembled the fierce cry of a wounded animal, remorselessly robbed of her young. With that heart-broken cry a pair of arms were stretched out with all a mother's yearning to clasp and shelter her child.

A beam of the afternoon sun glanced from the white face in the crowd to the rounded cheek and girlish features of the young convict, who danced, as it were, a dance of death. The expression in the eyes of the mother was appalling in its agony or grief.

With arms stretched towards the sea she rushed forward unheeding, and flung herself into the water which separated her from the child she loved.

The girl heard the splash and the agonies of shriek, but scarcely changed her defiant demeanor. Even when she marched below decks she saw friendly arms dragging the unconscious, half-drowned figure of her mother to the shore, that mother whom she was never to see again.



## Experience Melodies.

Tunes—"Stand up for Jesus," B. J. 28; "Marching on to war," B.B. 54, or "Starry night for a ramble."

We're soldiers in the Army,

For God we'll dare or die;

We'll beat our drums for Jesus,

Our Army flag we'll fly.

We care not what the folks may say

About our blood and fire;

But still we'll march for Jesus,

Or it we'll never tire.

Chorus—Repeat last four lines of each verse.

We'll march the streets for Jesus,

And ransom all the town,

And tell to all the folks we meet

What pleasure we have found;

Though many scorn us on the march,

With a flag marked "blood and fire";

But o'er my grave this flag shall wave,

If God my soul require.

Then fight on, Army soldiers,

And happy music make,

Though by the world we're counted fools.

"Tis all for Jesus' sake;

Then when the battle's over,

And victory we've won,

We'll go to dwell with Jesus,

To wear a starry crown.

SERGEANT-MAJOR HOBBS, Bird Island Cove, Newfoundland.

Tunes—"Let your lower lights be burning," or "Always cheerful," B. J. 43, or "Room for Jesus," B.J. 16.

Have you heard the voice of weeping?

Have you heard the wail of woe?

Have you seen the crowd that's thronging

Down to hell and endless woe?

Chorus.

Are your hearts now yearning, comrades,

For the dying masses round?

They the Saviour's love are spurning,

Let them hear that grace abounds.

Look at yonder little children,

Without home or mother dear;

Of a Saviour's love they know not,

Nor His voice to bless and cheer.

Look at yonder staggering drunkard

Wandering on sin's stormy way!

Precious soul, he can be rescued,

Saved and happy night and day.

There's a girl once pure and spotless,

Sheltered by a mother's care;

Out upon sin's way she wanders,

Who will rescue, who will dare?

Shall we try and save them, comrades?

Save from sin and endless woe;

Bring them to the blood of Jesus,

Who will wash them white as snow.

Second chorus.

Yes we will, by God's great mercy,

Bring them to the Saviour's side,

Clothe them with God's full salvation,

Bless them with sanctified

BRIGADIER SCOTT, St. John, N.B.

Count Anshai, a princely preacher, was wont to say "that the whole Scriptures were the swaddling bands of the child Jesus. He being to be found almost in every page, in every verse, in every line."

By shaking the magnetic needle you may move it from its place; but it returns to it the moment it is let to itself. In like manner believers may fall into sin; but no sooner do they wake to reflection than they repeat, and endeavor to amend their ways, and resume a life of godliness.—Gethold.

## HOLINESS.

BY WALTER SCOTT, GUELPH.

A VAST MULTITUDE of professing Christians of every sect, creed, and color have an intellectual and theoretical knowledge of entire sanctification (and some can expound the doctrine very explicitly, too,) but experimentally they are as ignorant of this Divine blessing as Nicodemus was of the second birth. However, experience teaches that spiritual ignorance of this priceless blessing not only impedes the soul's advancement in the Divine life, but renders it a philosophical impossibility to fulfill the royal law of love to God and man.

NOW, I have no merely theoretical or theological understanding of the doctrine to advance or expound, for the blessed Lord has given me

## An Experimental Knowledge

of this Divine blessing, and I feel constrained by the love of Christ to impart that Gospel light and heart knowledge to other believers whenever and wherever an opportunity presents itself; for in the whole range of truth taught in the Bible there is no doctrine more clearly expressed or emphatically commanded than holiness of heart and life, "Without which no man can see the Lord."

IF IT WERE not for the sanctifying grace of God in my soul, I am confident that I wouldn't be in the way of righteousness to seek for the carnal mind (which is enmity against God) and the thralldom of infidelity would have side-tracked me long ago and left me to grope my way through this world in spiritual darkness as a still-born ghost of a sinless sentimentalism, but by submitting myself to the good government of Jesus Christ, and complying with

**The Conditions which Govern the kingdom,** the blessed Lord emancipated me from the depraving influences of an unsanctified soul, so that I could love Him with an undivided heart, and serve Him without fear (of anything that walks) in holiness and righteousness every day of my life. Glory to His name.

BUT, unfortunately, there are a great many Christians of the present day who will frankly acknowledge that they are not in possession of this priceless blessing. They look at those who make a profession of sanctification, instead of looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and if they fail to come up to their ideal or standard of perfection in all the graces which characterize holiness, they renounce the doctrine as a hobby and declare it impossible of attainment in this life.

Now, let it be intelligently understood that sanctification does not make humanity infallible in this life, nor exempt us from mistakes in judgment or practice (although the sanctified soul is less liable to err than the unsanctified) but sanctification

## Destroys the Works of the Devil

in the human heart, root and branch, leaf and stem, fruit and flowers, and restores all our faculties and energies into the mind and will of God, thereby doubly increasing our facilities for advancing in the Divine life. Therefore the unscriptural measurement of a true disciple of the Lord Jesus and deal of the doctrine does not alter the fact that it is gloriously possible for every believer to have an experimental knowledge of the sanctifying grace of Jesus Christ, thus empowering them to overcome the infernal batteries of the world, the flesh and the devil, and walk in all the commands and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Hallelujah!

He who neglects to do good will soon fall into evil.

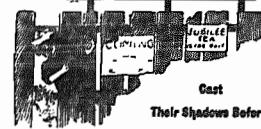
!!!!!!

"He did evil because he prepared NOT his heart to seek the Lord."

!!!!!!

So Jonathan became mighty because he prepared his way before the Lord.

## COMING EVENTS



Cast

Their Shadows Before

## THE COMMANDANT

WILL VISIT

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Anniversary, October 11th.

## The Yacht "William Booth,"

With her Naval Brigade under the command of Adm. McMillan, will visit Courtenay, Oct. 4; Bermudian, Oct. 5, 6; Newcastle, Oct. 7; Brighton, Oct. 8; Wellington, Oct. 9; Filton, Oct. 10.

## Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments

CAPTAIN SPOONER—Staples, Oct. 4; Leamington, Oct. 6, 8; Whitley, Oct. 7; Essex Centre, Oct. 8; Ashton-under-Lyne, Oct. 9; Bury, Oct. 10, 11; Chatham, Oct. 12, 13; Bothwell, Oct. 14, 15; Chelmsford, Oct. 16.

MURRAY HORN—Norland, Oct. 4, 5; Kilmount, Oct. 6, 7; Feniton Falls, Oct. 8, 9; Lindsay, Oct. 10, 11; Uxbridge, Oct. 12, 13; Port Perry, Oct. 14, 15; Prince Albert, Oct. 16.

ADAMANT MARSH—Odesse, Oct. 4; Bath, Oct. 5; Naples, Oct. 6; Derserton, Oct. 7; Filton, Oct. 8; Bloomfield, Oct. 9; Bellville, Oct. 11, 12, 13; Trenton, Oct. 14.

## West Ontario Province.

BIGADIER MARGETTS will visit Tilbury, Oct. 4; St. Thomas, Oct. 5, 6; St. Thomas, Oct. 7; Chatham, Oct. 8, 9; Dresden, Oct. 10, 11; Wallaceburg, Oct. 12, 13; Woodstock, Oct. 14; Chatham, Oct. 15, 16.

THE TAURUS BRIGADE, composed of Ad'l. Turner and Dr. Mrs. Logan, will visit Watford, Oct. 4; Stevenage, Oct. 5; Luton, Oct. 6; Bedford, Oct. 7; Leamington, Oct. 8; Birmingham, Oct. 9; Cheltenham, Oct. 10; Warrington, Oct. 11; Bothwell, Oct. 12; Wallasey, Oct. 13; Chatham, Oct. 14, 15.

The Tauris Brigade, composed of Ad'l. Turner and Dr. Mrs. Logan, will visit Watford, Oct. 4; Stevenage, Oct. 5; Luton, Oct. 6; Bedford, Oct. 7; Leamington, Oct. 8; Birmingham, Oct. 9; Cheltenham, Oct. 10; Warrington, Oct. 11; Bothwell, Oct. 12; Wallasey, Oct. 13; Chatham, Oct. 14, 15.

MISSING !

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

First Class should accompany applications.

**1626. Philip Stapleton**, who stopped at the B.A. Club, Toronto, on November 14, and had been in St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A., American Crys please copy.

**1627. Glynn, Mrs. Jane**. Left her family, near Charing Cross, Kent County, West Sussex, England, about Aug. 1, 1888. Her name was Jane Hopkins. She was born in Dartmouth, N.S., in 1848. She was about 5 ft. 8 in. height; dark hair; grey-blue eyes, and had a scar across the left forehead. She has a son, George, and a daughter, Jessie Glynn, London, or Mrs. Glynn, King St., Chatham, Ont., United States and California. Orys please copy.

**1628. Oliver Joseph and Hannah**. Left Nottinghamshire, England, seven or eight years ago for Arkansas, and when last heard of was working in a cotton mill there. His son, Leslie, will be glad to hear from any one knowing his whereabouts. American Orys please copy.

**1629. Gardiner Perry**. Perry, Perry, Arty, the age of nineteen left Black Hill, County Cork, Ireland, for Canada, about 1888. Last heard of in Toronto, September, 1888. Was then living with a family named Hughes. Has since married, but name of husband unknown. Took her sister Mary and Sarah captive.

**1630. John Blythe**, 68 years of age; single man; tall and fat. Last heard of 16 months ago from St. John's, N.L. A number when he left, and after a series of misfortunes, got some occupation on the surface, it is thought something in buying or selling. Sister Christopher enquires.

**1631. Goodrum, Ben**. Age about 23 or 24. Last heard of April, 1903, from Whippington, Mass., a streetcar company, a number of houses was 811. Sister Christopher enquires.

**1632. Murray, Martha**. Age 22. Left Scotland for Canada on Sept. 1886, and has been in Canada ever since. Last heard of in a home there with Miss Steele, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. American. Brother Jobus enquires.

**1633. Jones, Thomas**. Age 57 or 58. Tall and fat. Left Liverpool, April 1888 or 1890 in the ship "Caledonia" bound for Canada, and last heard of in Quebec, Canada. Last heard of in 1893, was then living with a Mrs. James Hanes, Waford Tavern, Beaumont Harbor, Quebec. Was then working in the lumber trade. Sister (Mrs. Hanes) enquires.

**THE DRINK TYRANNY.**—Sir William Lawson declared at Birmingham that the church was tyrannized over by the drink traffic. They knew how the electors were under the influence of the traffic, and so was the House of Commons. The late Lord Randolph Churchill once stated that in his opinion two-thirds of the members of the House of Commons were tyrannized by the great drink traffic. The Prime Minister had told them that if they did not control the drink traffic it would control them. The democracy of to-day was the most extraordinary democracy the world had ever seen. They thought they ruled, but they were ruled by the drink trade, which was hand and glove with the aristocracy of the country.

## The "Island Colony's" Turn

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* HURRAH FOR NEWFOUNDLAND ! \*  
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## THE ANNIVERSARY DEMONSTRATIONS

WILL TAKE PLACE IN

## The City of St. Johns

FROM Friday, October 11th,  
TO Tuesday, October 15.

## THE COMMANDANT

WILL CONDUCT

## ◆ Powerful Revival Meetings ◆

ASSISTED by the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, MAJOR SHARP, MAJOR STREETON, and a host of Staff and Field Officers.

Great Reception Meeting and Anniversary Address on Friday  
—Soldiers' Council on Saturday Night—Officers' Councils  
Monday and Tuesday.

COME - IN - THOUSANDS - AND - COME - IN - FAITH.